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tongue off Dogherty; and in fact it gave him as much pain to be restrained from giving him a caution, as it gave Peter and his friends from breaking his head.

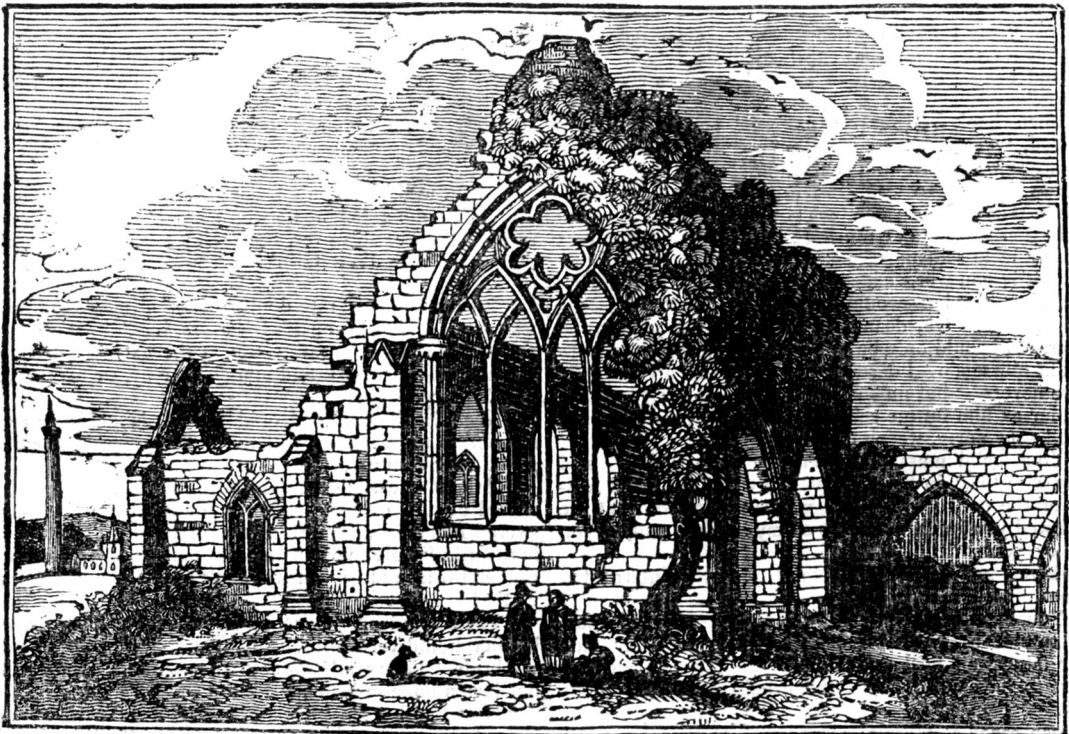
The bride was led forth trembling from head to foot, and her head and face covered with a thick veil. The ceremony was hastily gone through, and Dogherty, as he thought, married to Mary Magrath; but when all was over, when the priest had given them his blessing, and when he, with a lover's partly affected fondness, raised the veil and was about to seal the binding contract on her lips, he saw the pale dewey brow of the almost exhausted Susan Doyle, and met the full gaze of her cold, dull eyes. A scowl of withering hatred gathered rapidly on his brow; and he spurned her from him, and rushed like a demon from the house, without speaking or uttering a word. She fell into Magrath's arms like one suddenly lightening-struck; and muttering "Oh, my father!" sank into a state of insensibility. The moment that Paul bounded away, Peter rushed from the inner room, holding his cudgel with a fighting grip, and whooping, and hurrooing in the eagerness with which he was about to pursue. The aged priest, however, stopped him midway in his career, exclaiming, "leave him to his God and his guilty conscience," and his cudgel instantly drooped, though his eyes still flashed and blazed for some time after.

It was almost dark, and the snow fell in large flakes, whitening the entire face of the country, as Susan again sought her humble dwelling. She was alone and unattended; for although Peter had offered her his escort, she firmly declined it, as she wished to have no one present at her interview with her father. Her footsteps faltered and her frame quivered like a reed with uncontrollable emotion as she laid her hand on the latch; and then hesitating for a moment, to gain firmness, she at length entered: there was no sound within, the fire had died away, and all was dark and obscure. "Father, are you here?" enquiringly escaped her lips; but there was no answer—not even an echo. "Father!" she again called

in a louder tone, as her heart began to sink with terrible anticipations, but no voice replied, "my child;" all was silent as the grave. "Merciful heaven! what can have become of him," she falteringly exclaimed, as she endeavoured to pierce the gloom within, and approached the oak arm chair where the old man used to sit. She laid her hand on something very, very cold, and hastily stooping down, beheld by the imperfect rays of light that streamed in through the little window, that it was her father's chill and furrowed brow! There he lay, that aged man, with not a feature distorted—not a single trace of suffering, but lifeless and frigid as the hard, cold earth on which she trod! An infant-like murmur escaped her lips—an idiotic smile flitted over her features—her heart bounded violently against her breast, and the struggle had almost past. She sank down quietly at her father's feet, and one more terrible convulsion shook her frame—but it was the last; then faintly sighing forth "my child!" her almost lifeless arms were folded as if in pressing it to her bosom, and her head drooped on them, never more to throb on earth.

Susan and her father were laid in the one grave, mourned over universally by all who knew them. Magrath and his wife lived on to a comfortable old age, he as much afraid of ghosts, and she as good a wife as ever; while Mary, after a little time, learned to forget the villain who had attempted to delude her; and as the wounds of love, when the object be unworthy, are soon healed, she after a little learned to look with favour on Paudheen Flynn, who thanked her "for the magnanimousness of her condiscipline," as he led her to the village altar, and made her a happy, contented wife.

A child about a month old was discovered in the pool we have mentioned, when the ice had thawed; and though Dogherty had absconded since the last time he appeared before our readers, he was soon taken; and having been tried and convicted, was executed, unpitied and unregretted—not confessing the murder till the very last.



ABBAY AND ROUND TOWER OF CASTLEDERMOT.

The ruins of the Franciscan Friary of Castledermot are extensive and interesting. Its pointed arches are beautifully turned, and the noble and picturesque window, of which we give a correct representation in the engraving, arrests the attention even of the passing traveller as he journeys forward. The aspect of the round tower, more than two-thirds of which is covered with ivy, is also picturesque in a high degree.

The town of Castledermot lays claim to much higher antiquity than the city of Dublin, having been the residence of the ancient kings of Leinster, bearing the names of Dermot.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.